

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE SUN SHINES OVER LONDON

THOUGH it was cold enough to be snowing, the sun was shining gloriously the other day when the Optimist left his desk and thought he would go to his club for lunch, a rare experience.

He looked from his window to see if Wren's tower was still standing over the ruins of St Bride's, found it well poised in space, and sauntered through the Temple. But, alas and alack, no sooner was he through the gateway than he could have sat down on the flagstones and cried like a child. Every window in sight was broken, his way was blocked by ruins, the lovely front of King's Bench Walk with Wren's red bricks was a patchwork of shabbiness, the libraries and the tower were gone, the gravel walks were strewn with glass, and almost all that was left untouched of the old familiar things was the little tablet on Charles Lamb's birthplace, saying what a cheerful place was this to be born in.

The Days of Peace

The Optimist walked on to his club—though really he took a taxi, for it was a lovely day and he was reminded of the spacious days of peace when it was possible to move quickly from one place of glory to another, from the Temple to the stately grandeur of Pall Mall and a quiet corner in the library where Mr Gladstone used to read, and John Bright, and Macaulay, and the rest.

BUT, alas and alack again, the great library was dark, for its books had been besmirched by smoke and water from a Nazi fire, and not yet may we stand at its windows and look out on the gardens.

Yet it was a wondrous day. The City was smouldering in ruin, the steeple of St Bride's might even now be falling, but here in the West End was London as in other days—as in the days when Pall Mall was filled with horses for King George the Fifth, and with Indian princes and Prime Ministers for King George the Sixth. Eastward was the blackened ruin, but westward, look, the land was bright. The sun was pouring down on Florence Nightingale in bronze,

on Captain Scott across the square, and on our Polar heroes. The brave old Duke of York was on his mighty column looking across St James's Park, and half-nodding to Nelson close by. Pall Mall had still an unbroken skyline to St James's Palace one way and to the Pepper Pots of the National Gallery the other, with the tower of St Martin's looking down on Trafalgar Square and into Whitehall.

Old London Still

This was Old London still, the London the Optimist had loved for a generation and a half, drawing his inspiration from its stately lines, its white face here and there a little stained, its stones so nobly shaped, its space so well laid out, its statues thrilling with their memories, its atmosphere embracing all that has been well and fine in London for a hundred years. The Blitzkrieg had left it gracious still, the sun was flooding it with golden light; it was a tranquil scene to come to from the wilderness about St Paul's.

NOTHING was here for tears.

The Optimist stood spell-bound, bathed in sunlight and rapt in wonder. And as he stood an arm slid into his unseen, and a voice as of Isaiah began:

Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.

The Living Record

"How wonderful it is to see these skylines, this noble piece of London all unbroken!" said the Optimist, only half-looking up to see who was there, and with a word of mournful misery for the wilderness not far away; but the voice went on:

He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, but with righteousness shall he judge. The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters, but God shall rebuke them and they shall flee as the chaff before the wind.

"But have you seen the City, the buildings, the monuments . . ."

The voice knew no pause:
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

*When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.*

"Glorious—but what are we going to do about all this . . ."

*Did you see that St John Gogarty passed on the other day,
and do you remember his noble lines To Death?*

*But for your Terror
Where would be valour?
What is Love for
But to stand in your way?*

*Giver and Taker,
For all your endeavour
You leave us with more
Than you touch with decay!*

AND so the voice, unheard by the Optimist since the war began, rolled on like the sea in Devon; so, after many days, for five minutes on the kerbstone, met two old friends again, a scribbler and a Privy Councillor, for the voice of the prophet was Isaac Foot's, and the Optimist came back to his desk with the sun flooding in at his window, the steeple of St Bride's still standing, the Dome of St Paul's still hanging in the sky, and in his heart faith like a skylark singing.

A. M.

NELSON'S LAST RIDE TO ST PAUL'S

Unpublished Letter From a Schoolboy

It is 135 years this month since Nelson was laid to rest under the Dome of St Paul's. There he lies in the quiet of the crypt with the ruins of the City around him, but with the Dome (at the moment we write) soaring over all.

The Headmaster of Liverpool College has sent us a letter, never before published, from a schoolboy of 14 who saw the funeral; an

MY DEAR SELINA, I now write to gratify your wish, expressed in a Letter which my Mamma received some days ago, respecting the Funeral and interment of the greatest of naval Heroes; the former I had a very fine view of, the latter on account of the distance between the Gallery I was in, and the Grave, I could not in the least discern.

But before I proceed, I must beg my kind Duty to my Uncle, and the rest of the Fireside, who I am happy to hear is so much recovered; Pray tell me, if you should favour me with a Line, that he is going on very well, and that his illness will be short, as for the time it has been severe.

But to return; on Wednesday we went to Greenwich Hospital to see the procession set off by water, in which we succeeded very well; The Procession

marching from the Painted Hall, the Trumpets, Minute Guns firing, &c, had a very fine effect, and I think in every part of the Ceremony, no honor that could be paid the deceased was wanting; we then proceeded over Blackfriars Bridge, which was thronged with Carriages, to the City, where I slept the following night; I awoke very early the next Morning with the sound of drums beating to arms, and other noises, and about eight o'clock I proceeded with a sandwich in my pocket to the Gate which was shortly after opened; and after being squeezed most terribly for a short time found myself seated in one of the front seats; we then waited till about three o'clock excessively cold, when the doors were opened, and shortly after the Procession entered.

officer's son, he was writing to his cousin Selina, daughter of an M.P. for Coventry whose great-grandson is now Provost of the ruined cathedral there. We give the letter exactly as it was written, and are grateful to the Headmaster (Revd Robert Wilmot Howard) for the privilege of being the first to print it in all these years.

The Prince of Wales looked remarkably well, he appeared to me to be a most graceful figure, and to see the Heir to the Throne surrounded by his Royal Brothers was not the least interesting part of the Ceremony. The Sailors were very much affected, some of them so much so as to wipe away the tears with the Flag they were supporting.

I am afraid I am very tiresome, I will therefore come to the conclusion. The Music and singing was not so awful (solemn) as I expected, it was nevertheless very fine; but I think a few more voices to fill so large a space were necessary. I made my way out about five o'clock down a long flight of stairs without being able to see an inch before me. Believe me, Dear Selina, Your ever affect. Cousin,

T. W. BLOMEFIELD.

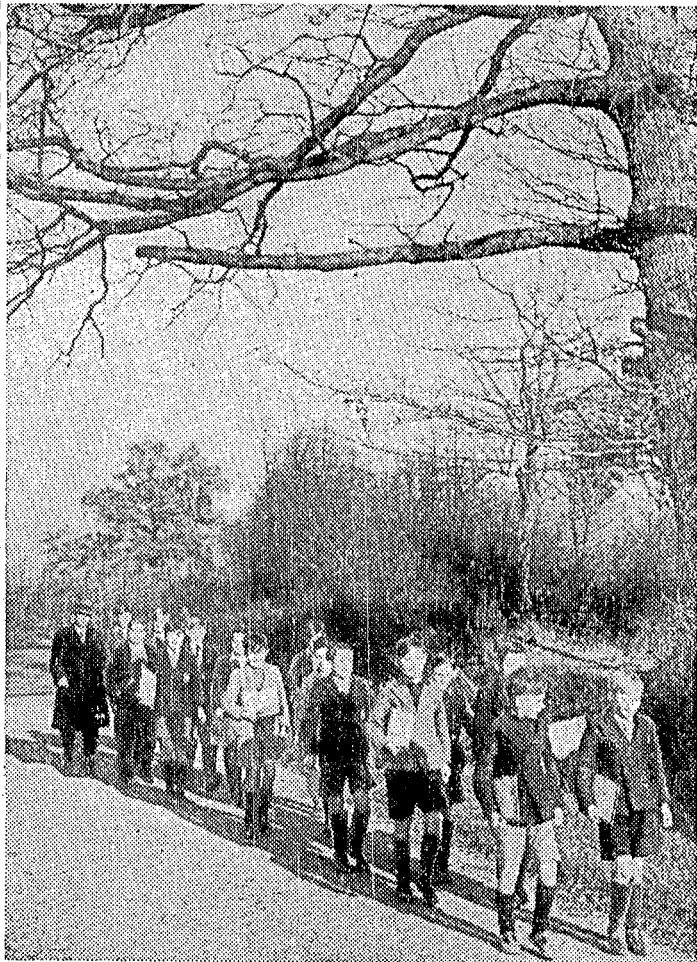
EUROPE, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

We believe that the time is coming when Liberty, keeping watch by night, will be able to answer Europe as here, in Swinburne's words.

*Europe, what of the night?
Ask of heaven, and the sea,
And my babes on the bosom
of me,
Nations of mine, but un-
grown.
There is one who shall surely
requite
All that endure or that err:
She can answer alone:
Ask not of me, but of her.*

*Liberty, what of the night?
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any
more.
All the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the
sun.
Night, with the woes that it
wore,
Night is over and done.*

Lessons in the Sunshine



London scholars setting out for a Nature lesson in Sussex

The Vast Arsenal of Liberty

AMERICA ALL-OUT FOR VICTORY

FOR all we have and are we are in this war against evil things, and so at last is America. She is not wanted to fight, but she has become the great Arsenal of Democracy and will supply the fighters with their weapons.

Free from all interference by Blitzkriegs, indifferent to the shriekings of Hitler and his gang, scornful of the pettifogging threatenings of the Japanese, President Roosevelt goes his way with Congress and the people well behind him. Full well they know that this is Freedom's war, and not ours only, and that if we lose it they are next on Hitler's list of victims.

It is remarkable that America has now voted a defence expenditure practically equal to the entire debt this country was left with at the end of the last war, more than seven thousand million pounds. It is a greater sum than all the gold existing in the world.

The American Navy has been placed on full wartime strength and is building hundreds of new ships, and its repairing yards are to be open for the repair of

British ships. The work of building up American air bases on various sites leased to America from the British Empire is now proceeding rapidly. Over 100 new factories for munitions are being built, and legislation is providing for all possibilities that may arise if Britain finds it difficult to pay. That will make no difference, for America has decided that no country resisting the Dictators shall go short of munitions merely because she cannot pay for them in dollars.

It is a wonderful transformation of opinion that has come about across the Atlantic. If it has taken about a year to achieve it that is nothing to wonder at, for it has had to overcome the habits and prejudices of a hundred years of thinking; and in any case it may be said that America has wakened up to the full meaning of the war quite as quickly as our own country.

We doubt if even now there are not some of our Government Departments who lag a little behind America in their understanding of what is at stake.

If B-P Could Have Lived Again

Two years after the Relief of Mafeking the editor of a London weekly newspaper received this letter from B-P, then at Johannesburg:

You ask me what I would do if I were a young man again.

If I had to begin over again I don't think I should materially change my course: I should still carry out the same principles of life as far as possible:

Sink personal ambition;

Be prepared to take such place as duty directs; and

Be happy—for cheeriness is next to Godliness, where it helps others to bear their burdens.

Personal ambition is so apt to give you either a swelled head or a soured mind, according as it is fulfilled or foiled. I used once to have personal ambition: my ambition was to be an engine-driver; it was foiled, and I've been a disappointed man ever since.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

Every Boy's Chance to Fly

SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND boys are to have a chance to fly from next week onward.

The new R.A.F. Training Scheme provides opportunity of training for boys of every class—from those at work, from secondary schools, from public schools, and from universities. Boys must be from 16 to 18, and all who are physically fit can join the Air Training Corps and receive a course of training which will enable them to become pilots. The Training Director is

Mr J. F. Wolfenden, the young headmaster of Uppingham.

It is noteworthy that the new movement opening up a broad highway to flying for boys was announced just as the flying world had been saddened by the crashing and disappearance of the most famous girl flyer, Amy Johnson, who startled the public ten years ago by flying alone to Australia and made for herself a great reputation by showing that women may be the equals of men in this new world of the skies.

50,000 Pets in the Blitzkrieg

RISKING their own lives, men and women organised by Our Dumb Friends League have, since the bombing of London started, saved over 50,000 pets. These include dogs, cats, canaries, parrots, rabbits, a few monkeys, and over 100 horses.

Many of the rescuers are women who enter time-bombed areas to look for animals shut up or left behind. First-aid centres, hospitals, and even a temporary rest-home have been arranged, and six ambulances cruise round the devastated areas. Fresh homes have been found for 1000 dogs and 600 cats, and 3000 animals have been restored to their owners. Many have had

to be given a painless death, and others have been sent to the rest-home at Carshalton.

Cats are often the most difficult to deal with. They will vanish after a raid, and when found may be half-wild, and can then only be trapped by means of a wicker basket baited with fish.

THINGS SEEN

An old fiddler carrying on in a London night raid, with his cap on the kerb.

A black and white rabbit sitting on the sandbagged fountain in Piccadilly Circus.

A walrus washed ashore on the beach at Dungeness.

Little News Reels

ALTHOUGH Germany is using 1,000,000 war prisoners, and 2,500,000 people usually unemployed, the labour exchanges are still calling for another 1,500,000 workers.

All French books dealing with Germany are being burned by the Nazis in Alsace.

Blackpool is piling up 100,000 sandbags round lamp-posts and traffic standards.

Edmund Burke of Rochdale has been accepted for the Army at 17; he has ten brothers fighting.

HOME GUARDS going on duty in the Blackout rescued two evacuee children wandering on a Welsh mountain four miles from any village.

In a raid on Manchester one shop lost 100,000 volumes of old books, the best stock for miles round.

Mr Thomas Hill, who has just celebrated his 85th birthday, is sure things are getting better; he used to work 20 hours a day.

The Safety First Association has changed its name to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, R.S.P.A.

The Boys' Brigade Motto for 1941 is *Endure Hardship*.

A mongrel dog of Birmingham (Rex belonging to William John Humphries) has been saved alive after three weeks in the ruins of a bombed house.

Telegraph boys have been walking about the City of London streets ready to take telegrams and to give change.

Thirty pillar boxes were wrecked in the Great Fire of London and many letters have been recovered and posted.

In the safe of an office wrecked in the City of London £40,000 was found intact.

ON the morning after the Great Fire of London a young man sent his week's wages for the rebuilding of All Hallows Toc H church and a policeman sent an anonymous gift.

Mrs Penny of London having left her attaché case with £18 in it on the seat of her carriage in the Cornish Express, the case was found intact so that Mrs Penny did not lose a penny.

When the door to the strong room of St Lawrence Jewry was forced after the bombing, a picture which survived the Great Fire of 1666 was found.

Miss Eleanor Doorly, headmistress of King's High School for Girls, Warwick, has been awarded the Library Association Carnegie Medal for 1939, for her children's book, "The Radium Woman."

Scout and Guide News Reel

MR JULIAN HUXLEY has paid tribute to three Scouts who, he said, "Appeared from nowhere just when they were wanted, and helped tremendously," during a raid on the London Zoo.

The Silver Medal of the R.S.P.C.A. has been awarded to Scout Ronald Cull, of Banstead, who rescued a cat from a roof during an air raid.

Royston Newman has received the Scout Silver Cross for Gallantry; when an enemy bomber crashed near by he took his baby brother from the pram, ran to a wall, and, lying on the ground, covered the child with his body to shield him from flying debris.

THE Girl Guides and residents of Norfolk Island in the Pacific have sent a cheque for £59 to relieve Air Raid distress in Sheffield.

HENRI BERGSON AND HIS IDEAS

Life is Always Marching On

IT is easy in these days to miss the great events which count in the world, and we must all feel that too scant attention was paid to the passing of Henri Bergson, in whom the world has lost one of its wisest men.

He brought hope and peace of mind to many earnest seekers after truth. He was a philosopher who used his profound knowledge of the sciences to evolve an entirely new idea of the secret of the universe and the whole problem of existence.

Born in Paris about 82 years ago, Bergson was the son of Anglo-Jewish parents, but became a naturalised Frenchman and at 29 won his degree at Paris University by two essays.

One of his essays, translated into English as *Time and Free-will*, challenged the mechanical conception of the world which was the basis of 19th-century philosophy. A consciousness which was always moving forward and was *creative* seemed to Bergson the vital reality for a man, and this meant that what

is called Intuition rather than Intellect was the driving force.

In 1907 appeared Bergson's masterpiece, *Creative Evolution*, in which he not only widened his theories to cover the evolution of all living things, but showed that behind everything was a vital impulse ever seeking to overcome material obstacles and to progress. We may call it the *Go of Life*, and every discovery in biology and psychology seems to prove that Bergson was right.

Henri Bergson was not only a clear thinker but was also a delightful lecturer and a graceful writer. In 1927 he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature. During the last 20 years of his life he devoted himself to the study of moral and religious subjects, a fact which we may consider symbolical of the victory of the spiritual over the material which his philosophy has done so much to establish.

Many of his eloquent words have been translated into books all over the world. Here are a few of them.

SAYINGS OF HENRI BERGSON

LIFE in general is movement itself; particular forms of life accept this reluctantly and constantly lag behind. Life is always going ahead; they want to mark time.

The individual living thing, as a manifestation and vehicle of Life, is above all a thoroughfare, though often what was to have been a thoroughfare has become a terminus.

Vegetable torpor, instinct, and intelligence are the elements that coincide in the vital impulse common to plants and animals. The cardinal error which, from Aristotle onwards, has spoiled most of the philosophies of Nature is to see in vegetable, instinctive, and rational life, three successive degrees of development of one and the same tendency, whereas they are three diverging directions of an activity that has split up as it grew.

Plants are torpid, tending to immobility; but the animal becomes more and more awake and marches on to the conquest of the nervous system.

As instinct is nowhere so developed as in the insect world, it may be said that the whole

evolution of the animal kingdom (apart from returns toward vegetative life) has taken place on two diverging paths, one leading to instinct and one to intelligence.

It would be as absurd to deny consciousness to an animal because it has no brain as to declare it incapable of nourishing itself because it has no stomach.

What we call Adaptation is not the result of circumstances, passively received by matter, but an effort of the organism to build up a machine capable of turning circumstances to the best account.

Reality is a perpetual growth, a creation pursued without end. Every human work in which there is invention, every voluntary act in which there is freedom, every movement that shows spontaneity, brings something new into the world.

In the absolute we live and move and have our being. The knowledge we possess of it is incomplete, no doubt, but not external or relative. It is reality itself, in the profoundest meaning of the word, that we reach by the combined and progressive development of science and philosophy.

A Food Mystery

THE Food Controller has again been telling us that we must use more home-grown food and regard tinned foods as iron rations in reserve. At the same time we hear of loads of unsold vegetables sent back daily from wholesale markets to the farms from which they came, to be used as food for cattle or ploughed into the land as fertilisers.

A chief reason for this, the grown-up papers say, is that housewives prefer to get their vegetables from tins, which save trouble. But tinned vegetables are dear and we do not think

this is the case. A much more probable explanation is that, with this regrettable glut of greenstuff going begging in the markets, suburban shops charge fivepence and sixpence for cabbages, a price that mothers of poor families simply cannot afford.

There is always, in peace as in war, this deplorable gap between the grower and the consumer. It is the profiteering trader who is the dragon in the path. Lord Woolton's staff might profitably employ themselves on an enquiry into it all.

RUSSIA AND THE CUP THAT CHEERS

We have noticed a preference for Russian tea in eccentric persons in this country, but it is "weak" for most of us. In Russia before the Revolution native tea was a very weak crop, too, not having made much progress, though introduced 56 years ago.

At that time five acres were planted at Chakva in Georgia, when Stalin, the most famous native of that country, was a lad of five. Whether he likes tea as a beverage we do not know, but he is at any rate supporting the great development of this tea plantation in Georgia, where the bulk of Russia's tea is now grown. This year nearly 130,000 acres are being planted; about a quarter of the acreage devoted to tea in Ceylon. Another Russian republic where tea-growing is making progress is Azerbaijan.

On our part we are glad indeed that Russia is today favouring the cup that cheers; perhaps it will make Stalin and his associates a little more human.

FIREPROOF PAPER

A few weeks ago we recorded a new waterproof paper produced by Imperial Chemical Industries. It is now reported from Germany that a Berlin chemist has found how to make paper fire-proof.

The inventor claims that a paper container treated by his process can be heated to as much as 700 degrees Centigrade without being burned or injured. Any ordinary paper placed within this container will also not suffer from this great heat, which is seven times higher than boiling water.

WILD THINGS ON THE MOVE

The reindeer of Lapland are the domestic livestock of the people, but apart from these there are numerous wandering herds of wild ones.

It is these which have now been driven south by the bitter weather. They are pursued by hordes of famished wolves, and hovering on the outskirts of this one-sided fight come the rodents which seize upon anything which the wolves have left.

SCHOOL WAR MEALS

School meals in wartime are to be rapidly increased and extended. The Board of Education has notified authorities that more money is to be provided for the purpose. The inspectors have power promptly to approve schemes costing up to £500 for adapting premises and equipment for the purpose, and it is to be hoped all education authorities will avail themselves of these new facilities.

DANGER IN THE SHELTER

Much ill-health and not a few deaths are being caused by the ignorant use of heating appliances in homes and shelters. The matter is illustrated by the sad case of two women who lost their lives by using a basket brazier to warm an unventilated shelter.

Every heating appliance should be used with the utmost care, for combustion consumes oxygen, and replaces it with fumes. This is true of gas fires, coal or coke fires, and oil stoves. Ventilation is absolutely essential with all such appliances. Burning an oil or gas stove all night in a room with closed windows is a serious danger to the life and health of its inhabitants.

The Cry of the Zulu Chief

COULD any more convincing proof be found of the esteem in which British rule and justice is held by what Germany calls our subjugated races than these two pictures drawn by the Bishop of Zululand in South Africa?

He had been visiting the Paramount Chief Sobhuza in Swaziland, and had asked him to hold a Day of Prayer for the Allied Cause.

This he most willingly did. "The British people," he said, "will never be defeated. They are too brave and strong, as well as too kindly and just to be overthrown. They will come out of this war victorious as they have come out of previous wars." These are the sentiments of a black chief

6500 miles away from London. The second picture given by Bishop Lee concerns the Paramount Chief of the Zulu people, Mshiyeni, to whom the bishop was talking in the presence of important officials.

The Chief pleaded with passion to be allowed to lead his men to fight for his overlord, and for the safety of his own people and country. "Arm us," he said. "We Zulus are men, and we are not afraid to die. My King is in trouble; he is attacked by a bitter enemy. It is our right, as it is our custom, to fight for our own homes and our people. Let us go to war."

These speeches are remarkable tributes to British rule. It is good to know that four

thousand Africans have been recruited for service as special guards, but they are not to be armed. Possibly the Zulus will be allowed to fight on the Kenya border with the European South Africa contingent. It is to be hoped so, for they are fearless fighters.

Northern Rhodesia is proud of its African regiment, and Southern Rhodesia is recruiting Africans not only for labour services with the Air Force, but also for combatant service as askaris under white officers.

The British Empire has vast untapped sources of man power, and though we do not willingly call upon it to imperil its lives, it is thrilling to have such loyalty and readiness for sacrifice at our service.



Bombers Over the Desert

British successes in the Western Desert owe a great deal to the unceasing work of the R.A.F. This picture of bombers passing over a Pyramid shows the nature of much of the country from which our planes operate

ONIONS

When a Sunderland flying-boat of the Coastal Command met far out at sea a home-coming convoy, a ship at the end of the line signalled by lamp the word Onions.

The word was repeated several times, and the crew of the Sunderland wondered what was meant. They signalled back, "Message not understood. Please repeat and explain." But still the one word, Onions, was repeated, and so the flying-boat captain gave it up and flew on to watch for enemy submarines.

A fortnight later he received a letter of explanation. The letter had been addressed to the Sunderland under its identification letters, c/o The Air Ministry, London.

They had been listening to the wireless news, the skipper said in his letter, and heard that England was suffering from an acute shortage of onions. His ship was loaded to the hatches with onions, and he wanted to give the good news to the first bit of England they sighted.

TRAM STORY

The courtesy of 20 drivers and conductors on Number 15 Liverpool Tramway route has been remembered in the will of Chevalier Barbosa, a Portuguese consul for Liverpool. For their kindness during many a 2d tram journey on this route he has left them £1 each.

Message Delivered

Derek Belfall, 14, of Bristol, gave his life to deliver a message during an air raid on that city. He was asked to take a message through a particularly dangerous area, and on his way was seen to extinguish a fire with a stirrup pump, and to carry a baby from another blazing house.

Not long afterwards he was found lying in the street, fatally wounded, and murmuring:

Messenger Belfall reporting. I have delivered my message.

THIS KIND WORLD

There is something fine about this story of a working-man.

A bomb had fallen in his street, damaging the houses so badly that the people had to leave them, but the working-man's house was almost unharmed.

On the following Sunday he went to church, lingered shyly behind after the service, and whispered to the vicar: "I wonder if you'd mind using this for any unfortunate people you know?"

Then he handed the vicar his week's wage packet.

CARROTS

Colonel Carver, M.P., directs attention to the fact that in the Great War shops were encouraged to sell carrots singly to children, and that this was done with great benefit to health.

The Colonel asks the Ministry of Food to consider recommending the same practice now, in view of the fact that fruit and sweets are no longer plentiful.

Why not? Most children like raw carrots, and all of them should be recommended to eat what is a most valuable food.

PUTTING HIM IN HIS PLACE

The courageous spirit of Poland is not dead.

From Warsaw comes this story of an old Polish gentleman and a young Nazi brute. The Nazi, inflated with pride and pomposity, was travelling by tram when the Polish gentleman got in. Instantly the Nazi sprang to his feet, looked scornfully round the crowded tram, and with a great show of grandiose courtesy said in a loud voice: "What, will not a Pole make room for this old man? We Germans will teach you manners. Sir, I give up my seat to you!"

"Thanks," murmured the Polish gentleman, beaming; "but pray do not trouble, sir. After all, you are a guest in our country."

It is said that for once there was a smile in Poland.

AN ECHO OF 40 CENTURIES

As in Babylon in 2150 B.C., so in Great Britain in 1941 the State is vigilant in its oversight of cultivated fields.

An English farmer has just been smartly fined for negligent failure to make the best of his land; and now comes a new regulation by the Government declaring that any farmer who permits agricultural produce to suffer damage or go to waste through failure to take reasonable steps to keep the crop in good condition shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £50.

Babylon under Hammurabi, its wonderful royal lawmaker of 40 centuries ago, was more severe. If a tenant neglected his farm he had to pay in fines the value of the corn he ought to have grown; if he could not pay, then he and his chattels could be sold, and the price of his neglect paid out of the proceeds.

ALIENS IN USA

The registration of aliens in the United States has been made compulsory, and it has been found that the number reaches roundly 4,000,000. This is more than was anticipated; New York City alone has 750,000.

By an alien, of course, is meant one of foreign birth who has not been naturalised as an American citizen. The number of naturalised Americans of foreign birth is very great, and enormously greater still the number of Americans who are descended from immigrants who entered America after the Declaration of Independence. The number of Negroes and mulattos in America is now roundly 13,000,000.

THE ROCKEFELLER SPIRIT

All the world knows and all the world has benefited from the Rockefeller Trust, founded by that grand old American John D. Rockefeller.

His son John has been an enthusiastic supporter of this Trust as well as the promoter of many charities of his own, and now news comes that his five sons, who also have the giving spirit of their father and grandfather, have formed a new Trust called the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Corporation. In this their several charities will be merged to prevent any overlapping, and to secure more efficiency in the good work. In wishing the Trust Godspeed, the C.N. hopes it will prove as valuable a contribution to world happiness as their grandfather's Trust has been.

LADY KEMSLEY'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

Everybody is doing something now and we have hardly time to notice it, but surely a word must be said for the marvellous achievement of Lady Kemsley, who has raised a War Relief Fund through the Daily Sketch which has given away millions of cigarettes, over a hundred thousand games, thousands of wireless sets, thousands of footballs, thousands of boxing gloves, ten thousand musical instruments, and nearly a million things to wear.

Like the war, the fund goes on, and sends out fifty sacks of clothing and bedding every day for bombed and homeless people. What an achievement it is! Perhaps you would like to send a mite to Lady Kemsley, Daily Sketch Fund, 21 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Meanest Thing Created Yet

As a CN reader stood gazing at a fair playing-field ruined by the foul, pitchy fluid from an oil-bomb in a London suburb there came back to his mind the words of fair Miranda in Shakespeare's Tempest.

Miranda, describing the sea storm that seemed to engulf the ship, exclaimed, "The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch."

But Miranda lived in an age younger in civilisation than ours; she had seen only three men, and one of them the half-beast Caliban. Neither she nor her immortal creator, with his portrait gallery rich in villains, ever envisaged anything so low as a Hitler, with his rain of fire and pitch from the skies. Hitler belongs, not to Shakespearian imagination, but to Dante's Inferno. He is the meanest thing created yet.

NATURE'S LADIES

We read with delight that there is a shortage of what are foolishly called aids to beauty. It will be delightful to see our girls in all their natural freshness.

God has made them far more attractive, if they only knew it, than any twopenny box from the chemist can do. It has always seemed to us that Nature's ladies are a thousand times more fair than painted ladies.

Our Lost Hour

PETER PUCK has discovered that 1940 was the shortest Leap Year ever (for having put the clocks forward in Spring we omitted putting them back in the Autumn), and he wants to know what happened to the hour so lost. His own theory is that it was lost in the Blackout, and on reflection we think he is right. It certainly disappeared between two and three o'clock on a Sunday morning last February, and has not been heard of since.

JUST AN IDEA

Have you asked yourself sometimes whether your life is greater than the world or whether the world is everything? Do you make your own life or is it made for you?

The Marvel of Six Dots

We have been delighted with this paragraph in a letter from an old friend of the CN and warmly commend its example to all who have leisure in these days.

I HAVE found a splendid refuge in Braille. I am working with the National Institute for the Blind as they asked for volunteers, fearing, alas, that help for many blinded may be sorely needed, as after the last war.

I have got on quite well with it, and have now bought my own machine, a sort of glorified typewriter. I find it most engrossing; it needs close attention, and when I settle down to it each evening after blacking-out two or three hours simply fly, and I forget everything else. Even if (as I hope and pray) I may not be needed to teach it to blinded soldiers, there is a constant demand for books to be transcribed for the Braille libraries.

The more I work at it, the more I marvel at the genius of the man who thought it out—that six raised dots in endless combinations can represent everything in our written language.

The Scout Law

- A Scout's honour is to be trusted.
- A Scout is loyal.
- A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.
- A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.
- A Scout is courteous.
- A Scout is a friend to animals.
- A Scout obeys orders.
- A Scout smiles under all difficulties.
- A Scout is thrifty.
- A Scout is pure in thought, word, and deed.
- The Guide Law is the same

THE WASTRELS

DEAR LORD WOOLTON, Has it been brought to your attention that while you were appealing to us to save all the food we can twenty people on horseback, with a pack of hounds behind them, were trampling down turnip-fields and bean-fields in Kent? It will help us to help you if we know you are attending to such things. Yours sincerely,

THE PEOPLE

MAKE THE BEST OF IT

A FRIEND of ours received word that his house had been destroyed by a bomb. For a moment all the colour left his face, and then he said, bravely: "Ah well, thank goodness nobody was in it!"

Surely there is a whole philosophy in that.

We are living in bad times, but at least we can make the best of them.

Some people make the worst of them. They grumble about inconveniences, are soon ill-tempered or in a panic, and not a few people are foolish enough to anticipate the worst, working themselves into a fever of expectation. Some return sullenly to work, and some are even angry because they are compelled to put in overtime.

Long ago it was said that nothing is ever so bad but thinking can make it worse, just as nothing is ever so bad but thinking can make it better. Our attitude towards life is supremely important, and if only we can bring a cheerful mind to the anxieties and difficulties of the hour it is gloriously true that we may endure to the end.

Making the best of the worst sounds commonplace. We may be forgiven for thinking it a cheap philosophy, but it is not really so, for only those who have courage and moral stamina are brave enough to put this philosophy into practice. Making the best of things is not easy, but it is worth while. No amount of wishful thinking will stop the war, but a very little brave thinking will help us through to victory.

A Packet of Hollyhock Seeds

A PRETTY story has come from Alto Pass in Illinois about the hollyhocks a slave girl named Priscilla planted more than a century ago.

The girl was born on a Carolina plantation and sold at the age of nine to a well-to-do Cherokee. He took her to the Great Smoky Mountains, where she planted by her tepee a packet of hollyhock seeds brought from the plantation. They grew and bloomed, and when the tribe came West she carried another handful in her apron pocket. Frozen creeks halted the caravan near Jonesboro in the winter of 1838, and there she was bought by Basil Silkwood of Mulkeytown, who later set her free along with other slave children. To show her appreciation she planted the seeds near the house of her benefactor, and for 102 years they have come up, blazed red and pink and flame, seeded and come up again.

Now seeds from the first flowers planted by the slave girl have been scattered by hollyhock lovers in a mass seeding of more than 300 miles of roadside in southern Illinois.

A Nation Once So Great

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy. And wheresoever she spread her sovereignty Pollution tainted all that was most pure. From Wordsworth

GREEN MEADOWS AND

This is a picture of this famous island eight centuries ago, written by Geoffrey of Monmouth, an English chronicler who lived about the year 1150.

BRITAIN, best of islands, lieth in the Western Ocean betwixt Gaul and Ireland, and containeth 800 miles in length and 200 in breadth.

Whatsoever is fitting for the use of mortal men the island doth afford in unfailing plenty, for she aboundeth in metals of every kind; fields hath she, stretching far and wide, and

hillsides meet for tillage of the best, whereon, by reason of the fruitfulness of the soil, the divers crops in their season do yield their harvests.

Forests also hath she, filled with every manner of wild deer, in the glades whereof groweth grass that the cattle may find therein meet change of pasture, and flowers of many colours that do proffer their honey unto the bees that flit ever busily about them. Meadows hath she, set in pleasant places, green at the foot of misty

Here's to the Youth of Britain Boys of the Young

ONCE round a tuckshop window, hands in his pocket Or ran to a row round a corner, or ran from the Or gaped at a game of football, or chivied a harmless This king in a shirt and knickers, with his pole and But a trumpet sang from the meadows, and the city And the boy leapt into his boyhood with the magic Suddenly braced his body, suddenly found his soul, And vaulted to Eldorado at the end of a hefty pole.

THERE came to him men of glory who spoke of a great Who told of a life in the open and the pride of the And he gave them his soul and body to discipline, and And they taught him the works of God and the use of From end to end of the kingdom, from shore to shore Strong in their steadied thousands uprises a martial And the foe, when he comes, shall be rattled and riven By the flower of tomorrow's army—the lad who has

THEY have taught him the march and the double that To fend for himself in rations and cook a pot in To patch a hole in his knickers, to nurse his speed of To like what is good and wholesome, and to love his Proud of his wind and muscle, proud of his corps and He goes in the pluck of a body that is perfectly strong Quick in the uptake, nippy, and learned in the hurry The Handy Man of the ocean has a brother at last a

HERE'S to the youth of Britain, boys of the young Who marched in their shirts and knickers, gallantly Glory to these young lions, whelps of the ancient British Mustering brisk and radiant in the shadow of England Many a mighty hero who made our country great Smiles from the field of heaven, blessing this Fifth Day Here is the great assurance, here is the certain sign The heirs have claimed from the future their place

The Fighting Braggart

THE humiliation to which his perfidy and folly have brought him make Mussolini seem a figure from a comic play rather than a statesman. Our dramatists knew his type in days gone by, the men who pretended to scorn peace as unworthy of vigorous peoples, and glorified war as the only fitting occupation for men of sense and courage.

Shakespeare has such a braggart knave in Parolles, the comic figure of All's Well That Ends Well; Ben Jonson has the king of cowards as Bobadil in Every Man in His Humour; but here is Mussolini to the life from a play by Congreve, with Captain Noll Bluff in the role of fire-eater.

Introduced to Tom Sharper, he says, "Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting."

"Sir, you are misinformed," replies the other; "for unless I be to serve . . . my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I'm not for it."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!" says Bluff. "I find you are not of my palate; you can't relish a dish of fighting without sauce. Now, I think

Fighting for fighting's sake is sufficient cause; Fighting to me's religion and the laws."

The same evening the fire-eater is being cuffed and kicked up and down the street like a detected pickpocket, as the pompous Mussolini is now being metaphorically kicked up and down by the whole vast multitude of lookers-on at the world's events.

Never, surely, has there been a better case of a man made to look like an ass.

Under the Editor's Table

CHOCOLATE is rationed in Germany. Barred.

A VISIT to a flower shop is refreshing. Makes soldiers think of leaves.

THE war has put a stop to punctuality. But the Nazis can't beat time.

SOME people eat next to nothing. If nobody is with them they have to.

MANY who sleep downstairs grow vegetables in their bedrooms. One way of making them come up.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If sailors use the Needles for sowing mines

COOKERY classes are being given in schools. But the lessons do not all go to pot.

PETER PUCK has discovered why Hitler's hair is straight. Because Britannia rules the waves.

EMPTY cotton reels sound useless things, says a writer. They are all right to put cotton on.

"I STOPPED smoking in three days," we read in an advertisement. We know several people who have stopped smoking in three seconds.

ID SHINING STREAMS

mountains, wherein be sparkling
wellsprings clear and bright,
flowing forth with a gentle
whispering ripple in shining
streams that sing sweet lullaby
unto them that lie upon their
banks.

Watered is she, moreover, by
lakes and rivers wherein is
much fish, and, besides the
narrow sea of the southern
coast whereby men make voyage
unto Gaul, by three noble rivers,
Thames, Severn, and Humber,
the which she stretcheth forth
as it were three arms, whereby

she taketh in the traffic from
oversea brought hither from
every land in her fleets.

By twice ten cities, moreover,
and twice four was she graced
in days of old, whereof some
with shattered walls in desolate
places be now fallen into decay,
while some, still whole, do
contain churches of the saints,
with towers builded wondrous
fair on high, wherein companies
of religious, both men and
women, do their service unto
God after the traditions of the
Christian faith.

of Britain, Brigade

ets, he hung,
e bell he had rung,
s cat—
his cowboy hat!
rang with a shout,
(name of Scout;

oddy game,
a gallant fame;
hape, and train,
of a cockney brain;
re of the coast,
host:
ven and put to rout
learned to scout.

t conquer stiffness and stitch,
a ditch,
or a burst,
country first.
d kit,
ong and fit.
ter's lore,
shore.

brigade,
int and unafraid.
reed,
nd's need.

Estate.

n the nation's line. Harold Begbie



Rich Families of America

A COMMISSION in America has
investigated to what extent
its richest citizens have holdings
as families in the great businesses
which have long been so prom-
inent a feature of that great
community.

In America a millionaire is the
owner of capital worth a million
dollars, and there is a large
number of them. The Revenue
Department issues an annual list
of the number whose annual
income exceeds a million dollars,
and it is interesting to find how
the number varies with inter-
national prosperity. There were,
for example, 513 in the boom
year of 1929 but only 20 in the
disastrous year 1932. Since then
the number has once again risen,
reaching 61 in 1936.

The Commission which re-
ported last autumn specified
seven families with stock valued
at more than a hundred million
dollars. The first was the Ford
group (described as the best

example of control by one
family), the Ford Motor Com-
pany having about 625 million
dollars worth of its capital vested
in Henry Ford, his son, and his
daughter-in-law. The du Pont
family come second with nearly
574 million dollars to their
credit in rubber companies.

The Rockefeller holdings in
oil companies (396,500,000
dollars) are third, with the
Mellons very close behind in oil
and aluminium. The McCor-
micks of International Harvester
fame are fifth with 111 millions,
followed by the Hartfords and
the Harknesses (Harkness, so
familiar to us on account of the
Pilgrim Trust).

With the prospect of another
boom owing to war, the Ameri-
can Government is beginning to
wonder whether so much wealth
in so few hands is to her national
advantage. At any rate, she
taxes these incomes even in
peacetime at over 75 per cent.

WHO IS ENGLAND?

WHEN you're down and out and
hopeless, and a demon at
your side

Whispers, "What's the use of try-
ing? Give it up and let things
slide."

Just sit down and think of England,
she whose cradle was a grave,
She who had to win to freedom from
the bondage of a slave.
Tell yourself her tale of glory, then
let England's dead reply
To the question of your spirit,
"Who is England if not I?"

What is England's glorious story
but the story one by one
Of her children sternly minded that
their duty should be done?
Each for ever holding firmly to the
simple rules of right,
Each with dauntless heart believing
wrong can never win a fight.
Those were England, and they
fashioned all the grandeur that
we see,
And their blood that won the
triumph flows for God in you
and me.

The People to Meet

THERE are red-letter days in
our lives when we meet
people who thrill us like a fine
poem, people whose handshake
is full of unspoken sympathy,
and whose sweet, rich natures
impart to our eager, impatient
spirits a wonderful restfulness.

Helen Keller

The Teapot and the World

SO inscrutable is the arrangement
of causes and consequences in
the world that a twopenny duty
on tea, unjustly imposed in a
sequestered part of it, changes the
conditions of all its inhabitants.

Thomas Jefferson

AFTON WATER

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among
thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in
thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmur-
ing stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb
not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo re-
sounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon
thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy
screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my
slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neigh-
bouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of
clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises
high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot
in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green
valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the
primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps
over the lea
The sweet-scented birk shades my
Mary and me. Robert Burns

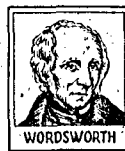
The Little Man Sitting On His Thorns

I SLEEP, I drink and eat, I
read and meditate. I walk in
my neighbour's pleasant fields
and see the varieties of natural
beauty. I delight in all that in-
wifich God delights, that is in
virtue and wisdom and the whole
Creation, and in God Himself.
And he that hath so many forms
of joy so great is very much in
love with sorrow and peevishness
who loseth all these pleasures
to choose to sit down upon his
little handful of thorns.

Jeremy Taylor

RICHES

THERE is more value in a
friendly smile or the clasp
of a kind hand than in all the
wealth of the Indies. Anne Parrish



CARRY ON

By Our Own Hands Our Safety Must Be Wrought

While her heart was still beating with the thrill of
Trafalgar, Britain lost her Allies in the Battles of
Austerlitz and Jena. The triumph had been followed by
disaster, and the dying Pitt, flooded with grief for his
country, exclaimed, "Roll up the map of Europe; it will
not be wanted for a hundred years." But this is what
Wordsworth wrote after Prussia's overthrow at Jena:

ANOTHER year, another deadly blow,
Another mighty empire overthrown,
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

A PRAYER FOR AMERICA

President Roosevelt concluded a
broadcast to America the other
day with this prayer for the
nation.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who has given
us this good land for our
heritage, we humbly beseech
Thee that we may always prove
ourselves a people mindful of
Thy favour and glad to do Thy
will. Bless our land with hon-
ourable industry, sound learning,
and pure manners. Save us
from violence, discord, and con-
fusion; from pride and arro-
gancy, and from every evil way.
Defend our liberties, and fashion

into one united people the
multitudes brought hither out
of many kindreds and tongues.

Endue with the spirit of
wisdom those to whom in Thy
name we entrust the authority
of government, that there may
be justice and peace at home
and that, through obedience to
Thy law, we may show forth Thy
praise among the nations of the
earth.

In the time of prosperity fill
our hearts with thankfulness,
and in the day of trouble suffer
not our trust in Thee to fail.

Amen

My Friends Are Like the Flowers

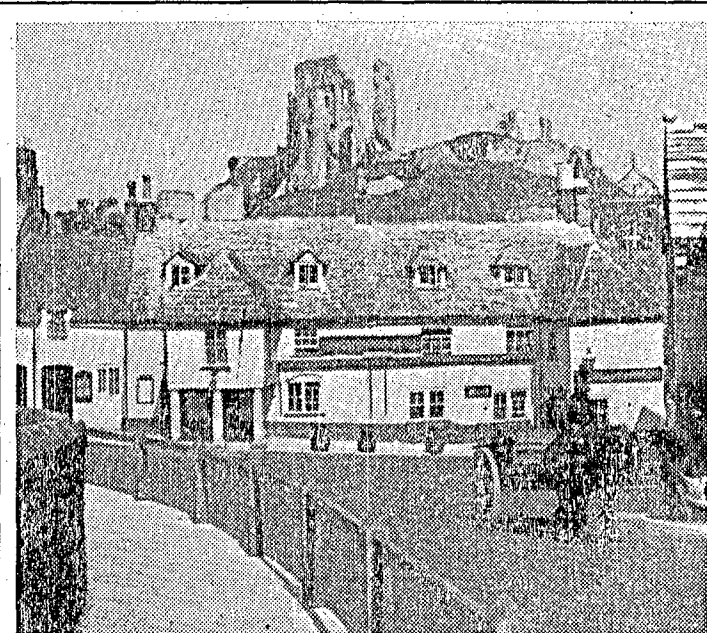
My friends are like the flowers
to me,
So radiantly they shine;
And some are like the passion
flowers
Whose tendrils cling and twine.

And some are like forget-me-nots,
Whose flowers of starry blue
Seem gazing to the heaven above
Till they reflect its hue.

And some like salpiglossis flowers
Have hearts of hidden gold;
Yet strangers passing unaware
Might miss their wealth untold.

O friends, whose friendship is
to me
Like blossoms bright with dew,
God grant to me the grace to be
A little flower to you.

Edith E. Trusted



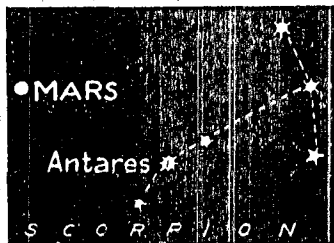
The gaunt ruins of Corfe Castle stand out above the little Dorset
town of Corfe. The castle, which the Parliamentarians tried to
destroy in 1646, stands on the site of a Saxon hunting lodge, by the
gate of which Edward the Martyr was murdered by his stepmother

THE COMET PASSES And Mars Approaches

THE Comet Cunningham referred to in the C.N. for November 30 last has doubtless been seen by some of our readers, writes the C.N. Astronomer. It attained naked-eye visibility in December, appearing like a hazy star, but the comet's tail could only be sighted with glasses toward the end of the month.

This comet brightened considerably during the early days of this month, and its tail would have been a fine feature in the western sky for an hour or so after sunset had not the Moon been present to dim its radiance considerably. The comet was then speeding so rapidly southward through Aquila that it soon reached the horizon, so that little more than a week was available in which to see it at its best.

It was a fine telescopic object, the brightest seen since Halley's Comet visited us in 1909-10, and very interesting; for comets assume all manner of forms, their shape depending largely upon our point of view. This one appeared like a ball of luminous haze surrounding a bright star, which is the comet's nucleus, while almost vertically above stretched the comet's tail



The present position of Mars relative to Antares and the chief stars of the Scorpio

for several millions of miles, the tail lengthening considerably as the comet approached the Sun. The comet was at its nearest to the Sun on January 16, being then at its brightest; but by that time it had passed to below our horizon in the evening and is now only visible from southern lands.

Venus, for so long the glory of the early morning sky, is now greatly reduced in brilliance and is

visible for less than an hour before sunrise. But on Saturday morning, January 25, the very slender crescent of the Moon may be seen a little way above and to the right of Venus, thus presenting a pretty scene before the sun rises. From about 8.15 to 8.40 is the best time to get a final glimpse of Venus for several months. She will be low down near the south-east horizon amid the rising dawn. For Venus is now speeding away far beyond the Sun. At present she is about 146 million miles from us.

In the Morning Sky

Mars will be the most interesting planet this year, and though he is now about 180 million miles away he is coming nearer at an average rate of over half a million miles a day. Consequently his apparent brilliance will increase until he rivals Jupiter. As the Sun does not rise until nearly nine o'clock it is quite easy to perceive Mars until about 7.30. He appears rather low in the southern sky, among the bright stars of Scorpio, the Scorpion, and not far from the reddish Antares, a star which derives its name from Mars, thus: Anti-Ares, meaning opposite to, or rival of, Ares, the Greek name for Mars.

We may now see these red rivals apparently close together in the heavens, the star-map showing their relative positions. Their similarity will be obvious, but the ancient Greeks of some 3000 years ago who made the comparison little knew how vastly different are these apparently similar stars. Mars is barely 16 minutes light-journey away from us, but Antares is about 326 years light-journey distant. Were Antares as near as Mars is at present it would cover most of the sky at midday. While Mars is a somewhat chilly little world only 4200 miles in diameter, Antares is a raging inferno of flame at a surface temperature averaging some 3100 degrees Centigrade, with an average diameter of about 285 million miles, but expanding to about 389 million miles. This colossal furnace radiates about 2800 times more light than our Sun, while Mars reflects only a very small portion of our Sun's light. G. F. M.

Four Youths Do a Great Thing

FOR the last few months of last year Sydney Technical School and the Royal Australian Air Force, kept their eyes glued on four fifth-year chemistry students—E. Brooks, J. Sullivan, H. Melouney, and A. J. Kemp.

There was tremendous excitement not long ago when these young men announced that they had made the first Australian aluminium.

The search began when the students heard that production of all-metal aeroplanes in Australia might soon be seriously hampered by a shortage of aluminium and aluminium alloys. They determined to try to produce, for the first time in

the Commonwealth, Australian aluminium.

Working at nights and at week-ends, they used bauxite from New South Wales and Queensland and clay from South Australia. Then the time came for them to build an experimental electro-chemical furnace which would heat at 1000 degrees Centigrade. The first two furnaces had to be scrapped, but the third was successful, and in it they produced aluminium bars of an excellent quality, and proved that aluminium can definitely be produced in Australia in commercial quantities to meet all domestic and military requirements.

The Railways Are Splendid

How many of us have any idea how splendid the railways are? It is worth while to remember some of the things they did last year.

In one week they moved more than 100,000 children out of London, in 360 trains and 1500 buses and trams. In eight days they carried 300,000 Dunkirk troops in 620 trains, working without notice, running 2000 carriages, arranging every detail by telephone. At the beginning of last year,

when 1500 miles of line were blocked by snow, they dug out trains, cleared the lines with 300 snow-ploughs, and carried thousands of gallons of milk and hundreds of tons of food to snow-bound villages and towns.

It is just a glance at the work they are always doing, and always doing well. They pick up marvellously, however great the disaster is, and whatever happens the trains are soon running again.

The Warm Heart of U S A

There is indeed something sublime in the way the people of America are helping the cause of liberty and civilisation.

They are giving with both hands quite as much as they are selling to us, and the whole nation will endorse the speech of thanks broadcast across the Atlantic by Mr Malcolm MacDonald not long ago.

There was a simple grandeur about American generosity, he said, with its fleetloads of gifts for soldiers and civilians in our embattled isle, from toys for the tiny folk bombed out of their homes to a complete hospital unit. There are arriving in this country more than six million surgical dressings a week, and the Americans have added 17,000 to our stock of hypodermic syringes and 100,000 to the needles used in these pain-alleviating instruments.

Our Generous Cousins

When civilians who have lost everything arrive sad and bewildered at the rest centres in bombed towns there are American clothes, blankets, and comforts awaiting them; and thousands of evacuated children are trudging through the mud in our wintry lanes dry-shod in American boots and shoes, of which a shipload has been sent.

American ambulances followed our armies as they retreated in France, and mobile canteens supply hot food to civilians who are blasted out of their homes. There appears to be no limit to the supplies which our generous American cousins are giving, and no bottom to their pockets.

Trixie's 16 Days

America has been following the adventures of Trixie and her master with the keenest interest.

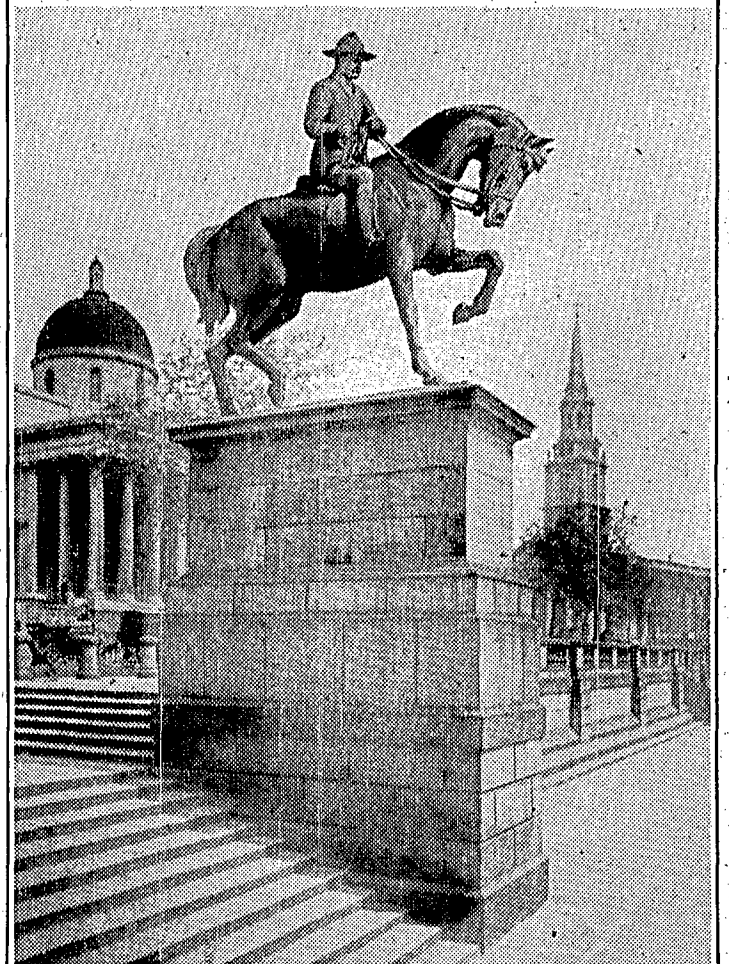
Larry Windsor, who is 14, and lives in the lumber town of Republic in Oregon, was playing with his fox terrier Trixie along the railway line not long ago when she chased a chipmunk into one of the railway cars. At that minute the doors were locked and away went the train.

Larry was horrified when he found that the train, loaded with lumber, was on its way to New York. He wrote to the three lumber companies concerned, telling what had happened, and enclosing a stamped and addressed postcard. "Please watch out for Trixie," he begged, "and if you will send her back I will send her fare."

It was sixteen days afterwards that the train arrived in New York, and on a railway porter opening the car door, there was Trixie, barking feebly, having somehow survived the 3000-mile journey without food or water.

Not only was Larry told that his pet was safe. The manager of the lumber company invited him to fetch Trixie, sending him a return ticket by air. It was a very excited small boy who stepped out of the plane at La Guardia Airport a few days later, and he was greeted by a rapturous Trixie.

B-P For Trafalgar Square?



THE C.N. has long asked that the Chief Scout should be set in bronze on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square, which stands vacantly gaping into space as if Old England had no heroes left to put there; and we are delighted to see that Archdeacon Howson has passed on the suggestion to The Times.

The Chief Scout's legacy to youth is a new vision, a dignity worthy of the destiny awaiting it. He took a street arab and made him a young

citizen; he took a boy with his hands in his pockets at a tuckshop window and made him everybody's handy man.

It is a noble service to the nation and the world, and once more we plead that this picture we publish may come true. We commend the idea to Lord Reith. It would be bare justice to the man who has now joined the great immortals, and it would be a rare beginning for the new London that is to rise when the Great Peace comes.

We Must Eat a Little Less

THE reduction of the meat ration has surprised many people, but it was inevitable because of the loss of meat ships and the growing need of our troops in the Middle East.

The trade returns show that, while £8,593,000 worth of meat was imported in November 1939, the imports last November were reduced to £6,946,000. Meat ships are built with refrigerated chambers to preserve the cargo; the loss of such a ship is thus a special misfortune.

Meat is also short because domestic supplies have been reduced by the slaughtering of animals through shortage of imported feeding-stuffs. This caused the temporary raising of the

meat ration, which has been followed by two reductions.

When we turn to dairy produce we find an even greater reduction of imports. In November 1939 ships brought us no less than £5,899,000 worth, but in November 1940 only £2,324,000 worth, priced higher.

Therefore, unless the shipping position improves, we must be content with short supplies.

And let us not forget the lives that are lost in the getting. Thousands of merchant seamen have already perished in addition to naval losses. Let us think of the wintry waves closing over doomed men giving their lives for us rather than grumble at what we safely receive.

It Will Soon Be Nesting Time

DESPITE past severities of weather, close observers note small changes taking place in the plumage of our wild birds, a hint of the tints which will be theirs when Spring and nest-building come upon them.

So a voice on the wireless has been advising young naturalists how to make nesting-boxes for our delightful blue-tits, adding the caution that the opening

should be not more than an inch across lest bigger birds should enter and possess.

The caution is necessary. We remember an aviary of 200 birds in which hollowed logs, sold as tit-nests, were hung in the hope that waxbills, tinier even than tomtits, would use them; but budgerigars used them, and reared brood after brood in them, with never a waxbill near.

Ten Men at Suez

A TALE OF LAST TIME

Now that the Suez Canal is being watched again with Turkey friendly towards us, it is interesting to remember the time when the canal was in danger in the last Great War, with Turkey against us, calling all faithful Moslems to throw off the English yoke and join the Holy War.

THE British garrison in Egypt had been strengthened by drafts from Indian regiments, among them a company of the famous Punjabi Mohammedans, generally known as the P.M. company.

It was composed of slow-thinking, faithful men, with the Indian's devotion to the England they had learned to love and honour, with a pride in their regiment that nothing could shake. They were devout in their faith, but the religious drums calling Mohammedans to a Holy War had no effect on them. They had thought it out; they were fighting for England.

When the danger of an enemy block in the Suez Canal became serious the P.M. company was sent to an outpost to keep watch on the waterway. In spite of all the care of the patrols the enemy succeeded in creeping up in the dead of night and laying mines in the canal. There were no aeroplanes to spare to watch the desert. The canal was short of eyes. Sergeant Mohammed Ismael and nine of the rank and file of the P.M. were detailed for a night watch.

One afternoon they marched out to relieve the day watch on the high dune. The desert, glorious in the setting sun, took them into its vast embrace. Black night fell on the wild wastes, then as still as death.

With dawn a sandstorm arose. It was whirling its way across the desert, hiding the light of the sun at nine, and by that time the commander of the P.M. company was looking for the return of the night watch from the high dune. Half-past nine, ten, eleven, twelve—there was no news of Sergeant Mohammed Ismael and his men, save a messenger from an outlying cavalry post who reported that the little party had been dimly seen in the driving sandstorm marching back to camp in the early morning.

The men were reported at headquarters as missing. A horrible thought seized the Indian soldiers that their comrades, like others of a less honourable regiment, might have deserted on religious grounds, answering the drums calling the

faithful to the Holy War. But the thought was put away. For a P.M. to desert on any grounds was unthinkable. Much more likely that the sandstorm had swallowed up the unhappy men. Days passed, weeks passed, the matter was forgotten, one of the thousands of the tiny tragedies of the Great War. Not for years was the truth made known.

Mohammed and his men set out at dawn for the P.M. camp. They wandered round and round in the sandstorm, their sense of direction gone. Hopelessly lost, weary, hungry, they sat down and hid their heads and waited. A little later they were discovered by a body of Turkish cavalry.

Mohammed and his men were marched off to the German base at Beersheba, given a meal and a short rest, and then taken before a German officer, who pointed to ten Turkish uniforms in the corner of the tent. He gave the P.M. soldiers three minutes to decide whether they would put them on or be shot as traitors to their faith.

Mohammed and his men marched out and talked together in low, grave tones. They came back again; looked round once at the sun and the fair land spread wide before them, cast a thought across to far-away India where their wives were waiting for them, by the Jhelum River, and then faced the Prussian.

"Well?" said he.

The sergeant and his men looked inscrutably at him, and then cried out, "Three cheers for King George!"

The answer to that was a few swift steps to the firing wall and a volley.

"I cannot refrain," said the British officer who gave these facts to the world, "from quoting a verse of Malachi which always comes to my mind when I hear of some deed of sacrifice; it was the favourite verse of an old Highland officer who taught it to me:

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

BEDTIME CORNER

Fidgety Phil

It had been snowing all day, great furry flakes, and Phil, who was recovering from a bad cold, thought it hard that he was not allowed to go out.

"Don't be such a fidget," said his big sister Eve.

"If you want a job, hold my wool," she added, holding up a new skein.

But Phil wouldn't. He didn't want to play with his toys; he wouldn't read. At last he jumped up and ran out of the room. When he came back some time after the sitting-room was empty.

On the table lay Eve's knitting. The ball of wool had rolled down on to the floor. Phil picked it up and began to wind.

Just then the wireless, which had been playing something very dull, broke off

suddenly and Uncle Mac's voice rang out.

Phil's face was a very happy one again as he flung himself down on the hearthrug and prepared to enjoy himself.

It turned out to be a splendid Children's Hour that day. Phil listened entranced. And all the time he went on winding, winding, till the little ball grew rapidly into a big one. And then the door opened and in came Eve.

"Where's my knitting?" she exclaimed, looking at the empty table.

"I've wound your wool," beamed Phil, holding out the ball.

But Eve was staring at it in dismay. "You horrid boy!" she cried. "You've unwound half my beautiful sock!"

ONLY THE BEST Is GOOD ENOUGH

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. The other day a friend showed me a fine oak dresser they have at home. He said it came from an old farmhouse and that it was made over a century ago. It is very strong and very beautiful. My friend's father said that it was as good as new, although so old. Why do we not make things like that now, when we have machines to help us?

Man. A certain quantity of really good furniture is made nowadays, but most of the chairs and tables and sideboards sold are of poor quality. The wood is unseasoned, the designs vulgar, the various parts rattled through machines and quickly put together. Finally, a sham polishing is applied, which looks like varnish and rapidly gets shabby. Sometimes imitation carving is done by stamping. The metal handles are rubbish, made for show and not for use. Such stuff is produced deliberately to induce people to buy many cheap things instead of a few good ones.

Boy. It seems a pity that when a trade knows how to do good work it should turn out rubbish.

Man. It is the saddest thing in modern industry that the rubbish trade should flourish so. To make and sell rubbish is to cheat life and labour. All work should be solely devoted to producing the best of its kind in every department.

Boy. But how can poor people have the best?

Man. The answer is clear. It is true that a people with modern science to help them can abolish poverty by cooperative effort, helping each other to work well for good ends, building good homes by organised labour, and making strong and beautiful furniture, often built into the good homes instead of being made as separate pieces.

Boy. Do you mean that we use too many separate pieces of furniture?

Man. Of some sorts, yes. A properly built house or cottage needs little movable furniture; but that is a side issue. The main point to note is that whatever the work needed, whether it be a building, furniture, clothes, utensils, musical instruments, or what not, only the best should be tolerated by an intelligent, properly educated community, if for no other reason than that it would realise the truth of the very old saying that *the best is the cheapest*.

Boy. Isn't it better to have a few really good things than many things that are cheap and nasty?

Man. Undoubtedly, and your words point the way to making the best of present conditions, while we are waiting for the cooperative commonwealth that all thinking men hope for. Do not be tempted to buy a lot of cheap trifles, but concentrate on the few essentials, and get good quality.

New Ships, Quick

It is rather surprising to gather that what is known as a "fabricated" ship has been neglected as a means of rapidly increasing British tonnage. It was adopted in the Great War, and now we are told that it is to be resumed.

By a "fabricated" ship is meant a vessel constructed of standardised sections made at steel works and assembled by the shipbuilders. In this way steel workers far from the sea can become shipbuilders.

Tracking Down Shakespeare's Handwriting

A few weeks ago the C.N. called attention to an old book in which the marginal notes may be in the handwriting of Shakespeare. The evidence of this possibility is what critics call internal; that is to say, there is a link between the notes and the passages in Shakespeare's plays.

Now in a recent Bulletin of the famous John Rylands Library at Manchester Mr Alan Keen has put forward external evidence which accentuates the belief that the notes may have been penned by Shakespeare.

A Very Good Case

We have no doubt that our more critical readers have been asking themselves, How do we know that Shakespeare had access to this particular copy of Hall's Chronicles? Mr Keen tells us, and we agree that he makes out a very good case.

The first owner of the book to write his name in it was Richard Newport, and Mr Noel Blakiston (of the Public Record Office) has been hard at work tracing everything that can be found out about this man and his family. He has arrived at surprising results.

Richard Newport gives the date at which he owned the book by writing it after his initials thus, R.N. 6 April 1565, a few months before his death in the Manor of Hunningham, Warwickshire, a house he had bought from his kinsman Edward Underhill 21 years before. Richard's son died in 1566, leaving a widow, Dorothy, who soon married William Underhill, the lawyer deputed to administer the Hunningham estate, but died herself before another year had passed, leaving her seven-year-old son to be brought up by his stepfather. In the November of that year, 1567, William Underhill bought

New Place, the chief house in Stratford. Shakespeare who was later to become its proud owner was then three years old.

Lawyer William died in 1570 and it was from William, the son of this man by his first wife, that Shakespeare bought New Place 27 years later.

What happened in the meantime we can only surmise. There was the little orphan boy, inheritor of his grandfather's manor at Hunningham 15 miles from Stratford, and his grown-up step-brother William Underhill. Were Grandfather Richard's books taken over to New Place by Lawyer Underhill or his son, to form the nucleus of that "study of books" which we can be sure Shakespeare had, and which we know that his son-in-law, Dr John Hall (who, with Susannah his wife, was the poet's heir) had?

Taken by Bailiffs

Now, John Hall's will, dated 1635, exists and in it John Hall gives these books to Thomas Nash, his son-in-law, to dispose of as he wished. Bailiffs, however, probably did the disposing for poor Thomas Nash, for in our records of the Court of Chancery we read how, 21 years after Shakespeare's death, bailiffs broke open the doors and study of New Place and rashly seized divers books, boxes, desks, moneys, bonds, bills, and other goods of great value as well, which belonged to John Hall.

So Mr Blakiston, while acknowledging that his task is not complete, feels justified in asking, Was Hall's (the other Hall's) Chronicle among the books seized? It alone is worth today very much more than the debt of £77 13s 4d to Baldwin Brookes, the Stratford hosier, who so ruthlessly put the bailiffs into New Place.

TWO NESTS IN ONE Will the Flat Roof Remain?

An old friend sends us this little sketch he made of two nests built by birds in a currant bush growing against a wall. A wren first built its nest in the bush and laid its eggs, and in the meantime a hedge-sparrow appeared and made use of the same nest, hollowing out the top and adding a little to the sides,



so that the nest appeared as seen in the sketch, the wrens below, the hedge-sparrows above. Both birds laid eggs and proceeded to hatch them, but the young wrens, coming out first, were deserted by the mother after a day or two. The hedge-sparrows remained until the time came for them to fly away.

The only domestic building now being done is for munition workers and agricultural labourers, and this has been carefully studied.

Great economy is needed and the use of timber is avoided as much as possible. Therefore the sloping roof must go. The standard roof is flat, made of concrete, and strong enough to withstand an incendiary bomb. The floors, too, are made of concrete, and are fireproof. Window frames of metal are built in, with a corresponding saving of wood, and fireproof materials are also used for door frames.

Special provision is made to give bombproof shelter by adapting rooms or passages for the purpose.

These details are of deep interest, for so many of these special dwellings have been or are being built that they are likely to have a marked effect on domestic architecture. Some think the flat roof has come to stay; others point out that it can be improved by constructing a pitched roof upon it when peace comes. Most of us will probably like that best.

THE BRAN TUB



The names of all these things found in the countryside begin with the letters V and W. A list of them will be given next week.

LOST, BUT NOT MISSED

ROBINSON ran hard for his train but missed it. As he stood, breathing heavily, by the book-stall his friend Jones appeared. "Miss the train?" queried Jones.

"N-not v-very much," gasped Robinson. "You see, I didn't get to know it very well."

A CONVENIENT DEAFNESS

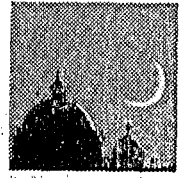
I USED to think my pussy Prue was deaf, because when I came near

And called to her, quite loudly too, She often didn't seem to hear.

But when a cat's-meat man came by, And started shouting "Meat! Meat! Meat!" She very quickly heard his cry, And rushed toward him down the street!

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter and Saturn are close together in the south, and Uranus is in the south-east. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east, and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6.30 p.m. on Wednesday, January 29.



What Remained

WITH Uncle Joseph, Micky went Upon the ice to skate, And just to show what he could do He cut a figure 8.

Now, Uncle Joseph loves to set A sum for any boy; Mental arithmetic, in fact, Fills Uncle's heart with joy.

"To eight and eight add eight," he said;

"By eight then multiply, Subtract two eights, and what remains?"

To give the answer try."

But Micky well had used his skates, And he was nowhere near. Then, as he fled, his voice came back—

"Why, you do, Uncle dear!"

THE REPAID LOAN

A GENTLEMAN who had borrowed £60 from a friend paid it back in instalments. His second payment was half as much as his first, his third three-quarters as much, his fourth one-quarter as much, and his fifth two-fifths as much. It was then found that he owed £2.

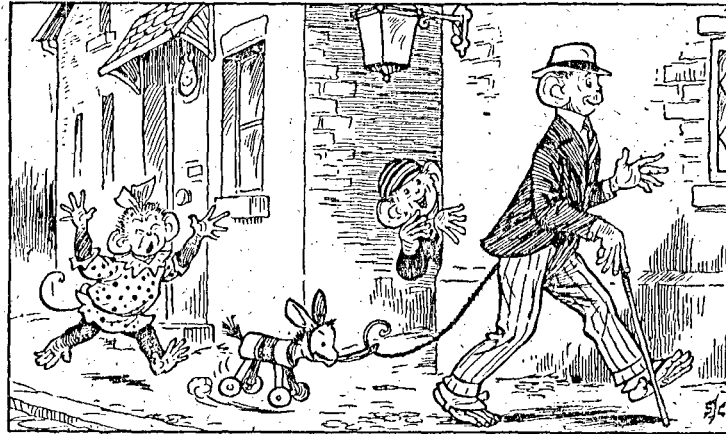
How much was his first payment?

Answer next week

GETTING OUT A RUSTY SCREW

SOMETIMES a screw will be so rusted into its position that it cannot be turned. In such a case the screw can generally be loosened by resting the point of a red-hot poker on the top and holding it there for a little time. The heat causes the screw to expand, and later on, when it cools, it contracts. This loosens the hold of the screw so that it can be easily turned.

Jacko is Watching



That jolly little toy donkey sat right in the middle of the pavement. Adolphus, coming hurriedly round the corner, nearly knocked it over with his long curly tail. Jacko, who was watching, began to grin. He darted forward, hooked the donkey's lead in the curl, and disappeared. Big Brother Adolphus had gone the whole length of the High Street before he discovered that he was trailing a wooden Neddy.

Ici on Parle Français

A Dog and His Master

A correspondent gives an interesting instance of a dog's understanding of human speech.

Walking on the Derbyshire moors I inquired at a farmhouse where I could get some lunch. The farmer had just returned from the hospital after an operation and a month's absence.

His wife said that on the last day of the month she had a peculiar feeling that her husband would come back on that day, though she did not know that he would. But she kept saying to the dog, a favourite of his master, "Your master is coming home today."

After midday the dog was nowhere to be seen. About three o'clock he bounded into the kitchen, and was slowly followed by his master. He had been to the station and waited there till his master arrived.

Un Chien et Son Maître

Un correspondant nous cite un cas intéressant d'un chien comprenant le langage des hommes.

Au cours d'une promenade dans les brandes du Derbyshire, je m'enquis à une ferme où je pourrais trouver à déjeuner. Le fermier venait de rentrer de l'hôpital après une opération et une absence d'un mois.

Sa femme me dit que le dernier jour du mois elle avait eu une prémonition que son mari reviendrait ce jour-là, bien qu'elle n'en sût rien. Mais elle répétait sans cesse au chien, un favori de son maître, "Ton maître va revenir aujourd'hui."

Après midi le chien était introuvable. Vers trois heures il bondit dans la cuisine, suivi, à pas lents, de son maître. Il était allé à la gare et avait attendu là l'arrivée de son maître.

INSCRIPTIONS ON CHURCH BELLS

Here are some interesting inscriptions found on old church bells:

My masters doubted of my sound Ile please them all when we ring round

At Eckington, Worcestershire

I will not fayle to singe mi part according unto musick art With my side mates I do agree in perfect shape and harmony

At Ile Abbots, Somerset

Music and ringing we like so well And for that reason we gave this bell

At Aldbourne, Wilts

I ring to sermon with a lusty bome That all may come and none may stay at home

At Blakesley, Northamptonshire

The Ringer's art our graceful notes prolong

Apollo listens and approves the song

At Hornsey, Middlesex

The concord of men's mind produced me

Licke to itself perfect in harmony

At Dunmow, Essex

How Pitt Wrote His Name

WILLIAM PITT the younger, the great son of a great father, is perhaps the most famous statesman in English history. Born in 1759, he became Prime Minister in 1783, when only 24, and was in power during the stormy days of the French Revolution. In the great struggle that followed he was the life and soul of Europe's defence against the schemes of Napoleon, and lived to see England made safe from invasion through the destruction of French sea-power at Trafalgar. On the Continent, however, Napoleon carried all before him, and Pitt died at Putney on January 23, 1806, broken-hearted at the defeat of his allies. This is how he wrote his name:

Beheaded Word

My whole is but an atom when complete;

You'll find it both in light and heat. Behead me once, and you behold A pleasure ground for young and old.

Decapitate again, and you will find I long ago preserved mankind.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Boys and the Apples. William 42, John 24

Curtailed Word. Note, not

A Dickens Story

The following is an amusing catalogue of Dickens's works set forth in two long sentences.

OLIVER TWIST, who had some very Hard Times in the Battle of Life, and having been saved from the Wreck of the Golden Mary by Our Mutual Friend Nicholas Nickleby, had just finished reading A Tale of Two Cities to Martin Chuzzlewit, during which time The Cricket on the Hearth had been chirping right merrily while The Chimes from the adjacent church were heard, when Seven Poor Travellers started singing A Christmas Carol. Barnaby Rudge then arrived from the Old Curiosity Shop with some Pictures from

Italy and Sketches by Boz to show Little Dorrit, who was busy with the Pickwick Papers, when David Copperfield, who had been taking American Notes, entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations of Dombey and Son regarding Mrs Lirriper's Legacy had not been realised, and that he had seen Boots at the Holly Tree taking Somebody's Luggage to Mrs Lirriper's Lodgings in a street that had No Thoroughfare, opposite Bleak House, where the Haunted Man had just given a prescription by Doctor Marigold to an Uncommercial Traveller who was brooding over the Mystery of Edwin Drood.

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

It is the constipated child who falls an easy prey to infectious diseases. Constipation turns his body into a breeding ground for germs. Colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints are then easily caught, and all the time the child is constipated these complaints are getting a firmer grip. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act regularly. But, whatever you do, don't use a strong purgative that will act violently once or twice and then leave the bowels more bound than before.

The laxative most favoured and recommended by doctors and nurses is 'California Syrup of Figs.' They prefer it because they know it is safe and because, being a liquid laxative, the dose can be measured to a nicety to suit a child's system. And where can you find another laxative so natural and so safe as this delicious compound of sun-ripened figs? 'California Syrup of Figs' starts a natural movement which relieves the system of all the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail.

A weekly dose will ward off further attacks and children love the fruity flavour.

Get a bottle of this ideal laxative today and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

Our work continues

although we have suffered much material damage to our buildings. Some of our valued workers have been killed by enemy action. Please aid us in continuing our most difficult efforts for those in great need.—R.S.V.P. The Rev. PERCY INESON.

EAST END MISSION

Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

THE COUNTY CHARLES LAMB LOVED

Everything to See In It

We take these from the chorus of welcome given in Hertfordshire to the King's England volume on that historic county. It is published by Hodder & Stoughton at 7s 6d.

It is a fascinating volume. We visit every town and village in the county and learn about the historical association of each and all. We could wish for no better-informed guide than the author.

West Herts Observer

Arthur Mee's Hertfordshire cannot fail to please those that take a pride in the county. It is a book on which all concerned are to be congratulated. It should find a prominent place in the libraries of those who have an affectionate regard for the county's history and natural beauty. Welwyn Times

Hertfordshire's claim to world fame has probably never before been so forcibly represented as by Arthur Mee in his King's England series. Hertfordshire Pictorial

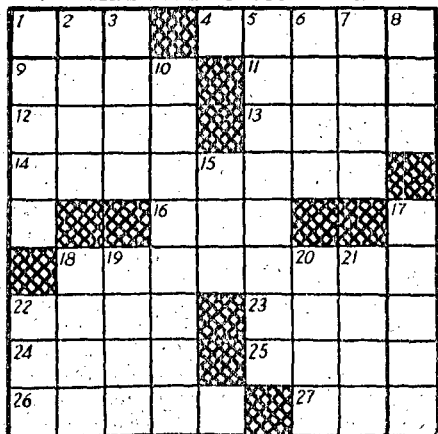
Cream Tarts for Horses

A PRINCE's equerry one day came to him and said there was no more food in his stables for the horses.

The prince sent for his steward, who said he was sorry to say the prince's treasurer had no cash left in hand, and that his merchant would give no more credit. "Indeed," continued the steward, "all the tradesmen refuse your Highness credit now except your baker."

"Good!" said the prince. "Give my horses cream tarts."

Half-Hour Cross Word



Reading Across. 1 Dust or a timber tree. 4 Customary way of acting. 9 An excuse. 11 Genuine. 12 This royal coin was of gold. 13 A little brook. 14 Pertaining to an empire. 16 A swimming bird of British seas. 18 Designs. 22 Pertaining to the air. 23 To gather a grain crop. 24 A prophet. 25 Do this to help your country. 26 Dramatic productions. 27 Human beings.

Reading Down. 1 The fickle month. 2 Thin. 3 A pile. 5 Disputants, but not in these grim days. 6 A song. 7 This common sea-bird is a graceful flyer. 8 Snake-like fish. 10 Depending on chance. 15 The track of a wheel. 17 A kind of poplar with trembling leaves. 18 Skin of a fruit. 19 A yard. 20 Twenty quires. 21 The middle part of a church. 22 A poisonous snake.

Answer next week